



VOLUME II—NUMBER

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

Is Published every Friday, in
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (2d Floor.)

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

Any person sending us Five New Subscribers and
Dollars will receive a copy of our paper gratuitously.

NOTICE.

All notices sent to the Editor of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, care of HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 15, Stanford, Ky.

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Our Agents:
Jas Cook, Hustonville; Hiram Roberts, Crab Orchard;
W. C. Card, Somerset; E. H. Bryant, Gum Sulphur;
L. S. Jones, Pine Hill; Thos. McBrath, Monticello;
Th. J. J. Brown, Mt. Vernon; J. D. Martin, Ligonville;
and J. Campbell, Turcoville.

Newspaper Laws.

We would call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a complaint is to be made the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the paper.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it from the postoffice. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The rates we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as any paper established on a firm basis, with a wide circulation, can do business. We desire choice advertisements, and will give preference always to local patronage. We think business men will get value received when they employ our columns in making known their business to our hundreds of readers; and, therefore, ask no one to patronize us out of charity, and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. A glance at our paper will convince shrewd observers of the advantage our columns offer, as the best business men in this country are represented in them. We could easily fill our paper with foreign advertisements, sundry lawsuits, patent modifications, etc., but are not working on the low principle—inserting stuff in our columns that we would blush to recommend to our readers, at lower rates than we charge home patrons, just to fill up—we charge all alike, foreign and local—and reject all that are not reliable and worthy the attention of our readers. As an inducement to reliable wholesale business houses, we say that the JOURNAL has a larger circulation in four counties of Kentucky than all the other Kentucky newspapers combined.

Advertising Rates given on application.

FROM COLORADO.

ROSITA, COLORADO, }
Oct. 14th, 1873. }

Correspondence Interior Journal.

Were it not for your excellent paper we would know but little of the news of our old country and home. Out of the many that greet us weekly, no one is so heartily welcomed or thoroughly read as your's. Sometimes the mails are irregular and we do not get it for ten or twelve days after its issue, (sometimes not at all) then it is we feel restless, and it is impossible for us to have the patience of Job, for we know HE never took a weekly home paper, and what is a few little boils to an eagerly-sought-for home paper which never puts in an appearance? Boils are things that any one can have if he wishes, (and he always wishes them on some other part) but papers—good papers, Messrs. Editors,—are not to be had for the mere wanting.

It has been a goodly number of months since we last wrote you, and were it not that we promised when starting West to write you once in a while, we would not undertake to squeeze dull brains to-day. However, we presume that anything from the "Western wilds," will be partially read, at least, through mere curiosity, if nothing more.

A little over three months ago we left Pueblo in a pleasure jaunt—seeking a higher and a cooler atmosphere among the "snow-clad Rockies." About the time of our departure there was a considerable mining excitement over rich silver lodes that had just been "struck," about sixty miles distant on a mountain stream called the Hardcrabble. Thinking it best to continue business with pleasure, as we were bent mountainward any way, we started for the "strike." We arrived at the mining camp about the 15th of July, which we found delightfully situated and bearing the euphonious name, Rosita, (Little Rose) which one of the first discoverers had named in honor of a dark eyed Senorita who had frequently cast loving glances from under her drooping lashes, and called him softly *Querido amigo mio*. We fell in love with the place at once, and concluded to put down stakes, and make our everlasting fortune here or "spile a horn."

If any one doubts that we have not the most beautiful surroundings in the world, let them come and see.

Rosita is about sixty or sixty-five miles from Pueblo, Southwesterly. It is situated on a high plateau between the Sierra Madre and the Greenhorn ranges of mountains—the former being on the South and West and the latter being on the East nearly surrounding it. The view from here of the Sierra Madre (Mother mountains), is certainly the grandest in the Rocky Mountains. This elevated plateau, about ninety feet above tide, is out through in numerous places by long gulches interspersed with pine, fir, quaking asp and cedar, which is an agreeable feature and lends quite a charm to the landscape.

There are also hills, as tall as the knobs near Stanford, scattered here and there, some in groups and some standing

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Here will be the last strug
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next cry will be, "On to the
Montezumas!" Two railroads
completed into Mexico from
five years. The whistle of
tive will be the death-knell of
independence. Not far in the fu
stars and stripes will float proud
the walls of the Mexican
Mark our prediction.

But we are wandering. We were
speaking of the mountains that lo
before us in such infinite grandeur
splendor, excelling even the Ty
Alps, and of the beautiful valley bet
with two crystalline streams, like
threads, winding through it. This
ley is about thirty miles in length
from six to fifteen in width, and wa
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lake, fed by the meltings snow of
range above and by streams and riv
which formerly sent their seething
frothing mass of waters through th
awful canons that you see outlined h
and there. It is now settled pretty w
by stock men who have vast herds
as fine cattle as can be seen anywhere
The soil is very rich, and grass grow
luxuriantly. It is not adapted to co
but the smaller grains grow well, a
vegetable attire as common as rice. Th
ground is apparently level as far as th
eye can reach. No timber except on t
streams and near the mountain sides.

On the third of July we pass
through it and remained one night, p
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On the fourth we anticipated fine spo
shooting chamois and elk, but no suc
good luck, it was as our mountain frien
asserted, "all bar." You have alread
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Suffice it to say we had a thrilling adven
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sculps and many scratches. The scrutel
es, we got while climbing trees. We
didn't get to see the *People's* account,
but presume it was nearly correct. It
was a disastrous hunt, take it all in all;
and many of us came home having on
poor apologies for pants. It was then
that one of our heroes pathetically ex
claimed, as he put his hand behind him,
"By George, I wish I was married, or
was at home with mother, or had a
darning needle, I don't care which."
He had our sympathy for we knew he
felt what he said.

When we first came out here, we felt
friendless and alone—a stranger in a
strange land—but we feel quite content
ed now. We flatter ourselves that our
letters to the JOURNAL have done some
good, for they have brought us out

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